

VOX POPVLI. XXXVIII

IN PLAINE ENGLISH



(1.)

IN Citie and Countrey throughout the whole Land,
The minds of the multitude divers wayes stand:
There's some that endeavour with might and with maine
To set the proud Prelates on Horse-back againe;
That they may make Canons, and send out their Oath,
To stablish their power, and dish out their broth.

(2.)

Of this rinde theres many in every place,
The which were Created by little *Lauds* grace:
Who since are growne lofty, and now like to fall;
Which makes them through Anguish alowd for to call,
To Papists and Atheists and all such as doth:
Love lazy proud Prelates and luke-warme broth.

(3.)

Those fat bell'd priests that have Livings great store,
If *Bishops* goe downe: they shall never have more;
Their journey-men readers, likewise are afraid:
That they must bee forc't to give over their trade,
And weare leather garments instead of blacke Cloth,
Which makes them love *Bishops* and luke-warme broth.

(4.)

And great men would never be counted such fooles,
As to send their Children for learning to Schooles,
But that they hoped in proesse of time:
That they to the throne of a *Bishop* might climbe;
And there domineere, which fills them with wrath:
Against such as love neither *Bishops* nor broth.

(5.)

Another sort likewise must not be forgotten,
Who in their maine principles seemes to bee rotten:
Supposing that heaven stands open to all:
That tend on their pray'rs when the Saints Bell doth call:
Where in stead of substance there's nothing but froth,
Much like the proud Prelates: so is this their broth.

MDCXLI

A Present for this New yeare of the Prelates feare.

FINIS.



(6.)

All these doe endeavour as much as they may,
To backe the base Bishops from day unto day;
The Papists assist them, and rather then fail;
The Devill will helpe them, that he may prevale:
It makes for his Kingdome to stand for their both,
I meane the proud Prelates and their common broth.

(7.)

Against this rude Regiment there doth appeare,
Some troupes of couragious hearts that will not feare:
T'incounter this rabble, in mischief profound,
Hark how they crie down with them, down to the ground:
The Papists and Prelates, away with them both,
For we will have none of them nor of their broth.

(8.)

And these are no base ones as some do suggest,
But of the Kings Subjects indeed are the best,
Indeav'ring the good both of Kingdome and State,
What ever *Baals* Priests and proud Prelates doe prate:
Who for the love which they beare unto sloth,
Do labour to hold up their luke-warme broth.

(9.)

Then let all good people take courage indeed,
So that they from Antichrists yoke may be freed;
And seeing that Liberties gained by the Scots:
Let Englishmen seeke for't, it may be their Lotts:
Then joyne hands together, and feare not their wrachs:
But Crie downe the Prelates: and spew out their broth.

(10.)

Their pride and presumption must needs have a fall,
Their wicked devices for judge ment doth call;
Their hatred of holinesse, and love of sinne,
Will worke their destruction, which now doth begin:
Their curbing the Gospell, will kill their own growth,
Goe role the Bell for them, and eke for their broth.